dried In the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awk-

ward ways I took to raise this paste; and what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made. Having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to bring it home and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months[3]